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Gregory, in which they set forth the state of their case and the unjust and violent proceedings of the Pope, and plainly tell the Emperor that they had at the time of their ordination sworn obedience to their Metropolitan, which they never had nor would violate; and that unless his Majesty was pleased to remove this compulsion, their successors would not be suffered to come to Aquileia for ordination, but would be forced to fly to the *Archbishops of France*, as being next at hand, to receive it there.*

That the Bishops of Aquileia, therefore, were ignorant of any title in the Roman See to be considered their lawful ecclesiastical head, and that they were on the contrary determined to the uttermost to dispute the Papal aggression, with which they were, for the first time, threatened at the close of the sixth century, is as plain as history can make it. The ideas of Rome, or of its devoted historian Baronius, upon the subject are, of course, a different matter; and when the Emperor complied with the remonstrance, and wrote to the Pope commanding him to cease the prosecution, and to give the Aquileian Bishops no further trouble, Baronius cannot restrain his indignation and rage both against the Bishops and the Emperor. The historical fact, however, is not the less clear, that the Bishops of Aquileia would rather have acknowledged the superiority of the Patriarch of Gaul than that of the Roman Pontiff so late as the year 590.

Let us now turn to *Ravenna*, another city of great importance, which from the reign of Honorius had been for some time the residence of the Roman Emperors, and was subsequently the seat of the Gothic and Longobard kings, and the constant residence of the Exarchs of Italy in the declining times of the empire. The Bishops of Ravenna, so far from acknowledging allegiance to the Bishops of Rome, for some ages disputed even their precedence, which was generally acknowledged even where their primacy was disputed, in which they were not unfrequently supported by the Exarchs. Not to tire out the patience of our readers, we must be contented with giving a single instance.

In the year 649, Maurus, Archbishop of Ravenna, succeeded to that See.† He was consecrated by three bishops of his own province, ordained his own provincial bishops, and was so far from seeking any confirmation from the Bishop of Rome, that Hieronymus Rubenius, the historian of Ravenna, tells us he received the pall from the Emperor.‡ This gave great offence to Pope Martin I., and his successor Eugenius I., but they were obliged to put up with it. The successor of Eugenius, however, Pope Vitalian, determined, if possible, to reduce Ravenna to subjection (just as Pelagius had in vain endeavoured to reduce Milan, and Gregory I. Aquileia), and actually went so far as to summon Maurus to appear at Rome, which he refused to do; whereupon the Pope excommunicated him. But so little was the patriarchal or apostolical jurisdiction of the Pope then thought of at Ravenna, that Archbishop Maurus took the liberty of replying by, in return, excommunicating Vitalian—a proceeding which, of course, horrifies Cardinal Baronius, but which he admits that Maurus never repented of, though he lived more than twenty years afterwards, as he goes on to tell us that upon his death-bed Maurus bound his clergy never to submit themselves to the Bishop of Rome. Archbishop Repa-

ratus followed in the same steps, and in the year 708 procured the Emperor's rescript to free the Church of Ravenna from any subjection to the Roman See. We might show that the same courage in resisting Papal encroachments was afterwards evinced by several of his successors; but we think we have shown proof enough that neither Milan, Aquileia, or Ravenna, or any of their dependencies, were for many centuries subject in any way to the jurisdiction of the See of Rome; but that, on the contrary, they sturdily resisted all attempts to subjugate them to its power.

Let us now pause for a while, and reflect for a moment on the importance of what we have thus incontestably proved by undoubted historic facts—facts taken, be it observed, not from Protestant historians, but from Roman Catholic writers of established reputation, who, as devoted servants of the Church of Rome, viewed with horror such attempts of other sees to preserve their ancient independence, and do not disguise their feelings of triumph at the ultimate, though tardy, subjection of those very churches to the Roman See.

We ask what sort of supremacy could the See of Rome have enjoyed, even in Italy, during the sixth, seventh, and so late even as the tenth centuries, when the bishops of such cities as *Milan, Ravenna, and Aquileia* so long and so stoutly maintained their complete independence of it? when the Ambrosian Church of *Milan*, for two hundred years together, actually refused to hold communion with the Church of Rome? when an Archbishop of *Ravenna* could, with perfect impunity, excommunicate a Pope, and retain his see till the hour of his death, nearly a quarter of a century afterwards, and even, on his deathbed, pledge his clergy never to yield to the encroachments of Rome? and when the Bishops of *Aquileia* could, in such a solemn document of remonstrance as we have quoted, boldly inform the Emperor that they would rather resort to the Bishops of *France* for ordination than accept it from *Rome*?

We should really like to be informed how Cardinal Wiseman or Father Newman would have their followers deal with such stubborn proofs that the boasted universal supremacy of Rome was unknown in those days. Are devout Romanists to refuse credence to their own ecclesiastical historians, or simply, without disputing, to shut their eyes to, admitted facts, and ignore what they cannot answer, as they so often have done before with respect to awkward facts and embarrassing arguments brought forward in our pages?

It may possibly be the best policy of such leaders to affect not to observe the progress of enlightenment going on among their nominal adherents, and to abstain altogether from any attempt to reply, where they feel it to be impossible to reply successfully, or even in such a way as to avoid a disgraceful defeat. But we warn them that they must sooner or later pay the penalty of defeat, where they have not courage to defend the assumptions of their Church. We do not write this in any boastful temper or spirit of premature triumph; but believing earnestly that we have truth on our side, and knowing our own earnest sincerity and anxious desire to get at solid and real truth, while tolling on from year to year at the original fountains of ecclesiastical knowledge, and boldly publishing to the world the exact places where others may with ease verify for themselves everything we assert or rely on, we cannot suppress an occasional smile at the forced silence of our long-suffering opponents, and treat that silence as, what it really is, the profoundest homage they could offer to the cause of truth.

When we proceed, as we hope to do in our next number, to consider the case of other Churches, we think our readers will agree with us that *Aeneas Sylvius*, afterwards Pope Pius II., was not far astray when he candidly admits that "before the time of the Nicene Council, at least (he might, indeed, have added, to a much later period), very little regard was had to the Church of Rome."‡

HOW LARRY O'DONOVAN SPENT THE LORD'S DAY; OR, HOW MANY THINGS MAY BE DONE ON SUNDAY WITHOUT MORTAL SIN.

LARRY O'DONOVAN was a smart, lively young man, who lived near the town of Ballydowney. The possession of a small farm, on which he worked, enabled him to support an aged mother, and brother, and sister. Like many another man, he complained that the times were bad, and it was hard to find money for every call; and when he provided food for his family there was not much remaining wherewith he could buy clothes. He observed to his sorrow that his coat was becoming more shabby and ragged every week, so that at last he was ashamed to face the flock, and he had to remain at home whilst others were at mass. What could he do; men of his small means seldom have much money during the summer months, and no one would give him a coat without cash.

One Saturday evening, in September, he was passing the

cloth shop of his neighbour, John Carty, and he saw inside the door a nice new coat, which he looked at with admiring if not with covetous eyes. But, alas, a notice was posted up in the shop, "No Credit Given." He pressed his neighbour to let him have the coat; "I'll pay you surely the first oats I sell." "No cash, no coat," said the stiff shopkeeper. "If you have not money, maybe you have value. Did I not see you with some nice early potatoes. Give me 30 stone of the roots, and the coat shall be yours." "Done," said Larry; "but sure it is too late to put a spade in them now, and I want a coat to go to early mass to-morrow." "No potatoes, no coat," said John Carty.

A bright thought struck Larry, and with great glee he rubbed his hands together, and exclaimed, "I'll manage it all."

Early in the morning he called up his brother and sister, and told them to bring a couple of spades, and some sacks to the field. "What humour has taken you now?" said Mary. "Don't you remember it is Sunday morning, and sure the field is close to the road, and there's never a Christian passing the way but will wonder at our working on this holy day." "Give none of your cheek," says Larry; "do what you are bid." So they went out and began to work.

After a little time, James Jones, the Scripture-reader, passed along the road. "Good morrow, Larry." "Good morrow kindly." "I am sorry to see you at that work; for I thought you had some little respect for the commandments of God, who hath taught us to keep holy the Sabbath day." "I am doing no great harm," says Larry; "but your religion and mine differ, and I am only doing what the clergy allow." "And do they let you dig potatoes for sale; won't the priest be angry when you tell him this in your confession." "I'll never confess it at all, for it is no mortal sin." Whereupon he pulled out of his pocket a little book called, "What Every Christian must Know and Do," by the Rev. J. Furniss, a Redemptorist Father, and approved of by Archbishop Cullen. "See here, on the third commandment he says, 'It is a mortal sin to work for about 2 hours or 2½ hours on Sunday.' I'll be done all my work here," said Larry, "in 1½ hours, and that won't make a mortal sin."

Before two hours was over he had carried the potatoes to John Carty, and got possession of his new coat.

The week before all this had happened Larry had been at confession, and as his reverence was by no means pleased with him, he told him he must read the Penitential Psalms three times over as a penance.

Larry cleaned himself, put on the new coat, and got ready for mass. He took with him his "Path to Paradise." "I'll kill two birds with one stone. I'll get the benefit of the mass, and I'll perform my penance all at one time." After he reached the chapel he made his bow before the crucifix, and the priest commenced the mass, and Larry began at the seven Penitential Psalms. Those poor misguided creatures, the Protestants, think that if they are to get any good from their church service they must attend to the prayers, and join in them, and say Amen, but Larry's little book, "What Every Christian must Know and Do," told him it was not necessary, and that whilst the priest is saying mass a man may read his "Penance" or any the heads.—See p. 21, Commandment iii.

Larry was a good scholar, and by the time the priest had finished the mass he had read the seven Psalms three times. "My business is done," said Larry, as he walked out of the chapel, "and my penance is performed."

He was a smart fellow in other ways, and had no small taste for music, and he had spent last winter's evenings in learning to play the flute, which he hoped to turn to some account.

The neighbours were very fond of dancing, and many a lively tune could Larry play. When the second mass was over, he called on Jack Stack, who had a good sized clean kitchen at the end of the town. "Jack, will you let me play a little here, for the boys and girls to dance, and I will give you every fourth penny I make." "That I will," says Jack; and before long the youngsters came in, and for a couple of hours they kept it up, and each gave two or three pence, and Larry found he had made four shillings.

Still here no harm was done, for Mr. Furniss and Paul Cullen taught him that it is "not a servile work to play music on Sunday," and "if a person does on Sunday what is not a servile work, it is no harm to be paid for it."—p. 20, 21.

Larry had now his money in his pocket, and who was better entitled to a bit of meat for dinner than he, after all his hard work at the potatoes and the flute.

He called at Patt Sheahan's to see what he had in his stall. Patt was, like himself, an obedient Roman, and would not dispose of a pound of meat only the bishop had said it was no harm to sell on Sunday, and Mr. Furniss had taught Larry it was no harm to buy on Sunday, if there be any custom permitted by the bishop.—p. 20.

The bargain was soon made, and Larry carried home the mutton to his mother, and in a short time the chops were smoking hot before him, and he enjoyed his dinner heartily.

His labours, however, had not ended. As he was sitting outside the door enjoying the pleasant afternoon, his landlord, Mr. Jerry O'Connell, called on him and offered him a couple of shillings if he would run over to Mr. Fitzgerald, the attorney, who lived at Tullagh, and ask him to come to

* Baron. Annals tom. viii., p. 14 n. 39, 42. A.D. 590. "Suggerimus etiam, pie dominator, quia tempore ordinationis nostrae, unusquisque sacerdos in sancta sede Aquileiensis cautionem scriptis emitimus studiosae fidei ordinatoris nostri, nos fidei integram Sanctae Relp. servaturus; quod ipse novit Dominus, nos fidei tot corde et servasse, et huc usque jugiter conservare. Si centuratio ista et compulso plis jussionibus vestris remota non fuerit, si quem de nobis qui nunc esse videmus defungi contingeret, nullo piebium nostrarum ad ordinationem Aquileiensis Ecclesiae post hoc patereur accedere; sed quia Galliarum Archiepiscopi vicini sunt, ad ipsorum sine dubio ordinationem accurremus."

† That he was acknowledged at Rome as Archbishop is plain, for his legates were received at the Council of Lateran, which was summoned against the Monothelites, in A.D. 649, in the time of Pope Martin I. The canons were subscribed by 105 Bishops, of whom the 3 first, among whom were the legates of Archbishop Maurus, were as follows:

1. Maximus, the most holy Bishop of Aquileia.
2. Deusdedit, the most holy Bishop of Cagliari in Sardinia.
3. Mauro Cosenate Episcopo et Deusdedit presbytero gentibus locum Mauri Sanctissimi Episcopi Ravennatis Ecclesiae.

All the rest sign as plain Bishops, and it is observable that the Bishop of Milan is not among them.—Labbe and Coss., Con. Gen. tom. 6, p. 75, 77.

"Ipsa (Maurus) sagaci et peracri vir ingenio, multas cum Pont. Max. similitudines exercebat; nam concedente Constante, Ravennatem Ecclesiam, ab Romana, quae Ecclesiarum omnium est caput, ita distinxit, ut Episcopos sibi subjectos ipse consecraret, a tribus autem suae ditionis Episcopis consecraretur, nequa ulla ab Romano Pontifice confirmatio peteretur, verum pallium a Caesare acciperet. Vitalianus Signinus Pont. Max. creatus, A.D. 652. Hic cum jam diu nimiam Archiepiscopi Ravennatum petulantiam, odio et indignatione habuisset, statim Pontifex creatus, Maurum Archiepiscopum Romanum se ad vocat, causam suam dicturum. Id cum Maurus negligenter sacris ab Vitaliano esset interdictus. Sed Maurus, Dioscorum Alexandrinum Antistitem, a Concilio Chalcedonensi ob id damnatum, imitatus, contrario litteras ad Vitalianum dedit, et eidem sacris interdictis; nulla unquam sceleris conscientia, dum vixit, ab hac nefaria opinione deductus. . . . Moriens sacerdotis sus conivit ne Romano Pontifici unquam subficeret. p. 207. Sedit annos ferme 24. Obiit circiter A.D. 672. Cui Reparus succedit; a tribus subjectis sibi Episcopis, Ravennae, in Divi Petri, more Pontificis Maximi, Archiepiscopus consecratur. Byzantium ad Constantinum IV. Caesarem, profectus est, a quo postulatis suis, quibus petebat, dominatu Romano Pontificis Ravennates Archiepiscopos liberari, abunde fuit satisfactus."—Hist. Ravennat., Hieronymo Rubeno, lib. iv., p. 205. Venet. 1860.

Baronius Annal. tom. 8, p. 605, ad an. 669. "Prodit idem auctor (Rubenus) ex Ravennatis Ecclesiae monumentis, a Vitaliano Papa excommunicatum fuisse Maurum Episcopum Ravennatem, quod ab ipso Romano vocatus causam dicturus, adesse contempserit. At ille tantum abfuit ut percussus anathemate respuerit, ut etiam fretus Archiepiscopali potentia, quem sibi intimum conciliaverat amicum, eo vesanie progressus sit, ut in Vitalianum eandem anathematis sententiam reciprocet. . . . Ceterum quo cepit mentis delirio

Maurus perseverans, nec mutans Aethiops pellem suam, ad finem vitae perductus, contestatur esse omnes Ravennatis Ecclesiae clericos, ne unquam subficeret se Romano Pontifici. . . . Porro in locum Mauri subrogatus est Reparatus, qui et ipse refractarius laboravit perficere per Imperatoris rescriptum, ne subficeret ecclesiae illa Romana."

† Martino Mayer, S.P.D. "Quemadmodum factum esse videmus ante concilium Nicenum, dum sibi quisque vivebat, et ad Romanam Ecclesiam parvus habebatur respectus."—Epist. 288, p. 802. Opera. Aen. Sylv. Basil. 1571.

the Quarter Sessions next day. "That villain, Tom Healy, has processed me, and there is no one can bring me so well as he can out of the scrape." "It's mighty late, your honour, and how could I be at home to-night?" "What would hinder you? Does not the mail car pass through Tullagh every evening at eight o'clock, and you can return by that." "Very well, your honour." Away with Larry once more, and by the time he reached home he was tired enough, and no wonder. Many a little job had he done that day. He had taken his share in digging the potatoes, and carried them on his back to John Carty's, and he had bought his coat, and said his penance, and played the flute, and bought the meat, and earned 2s. by travelling to Tullagh, and still no mortal sin, for Furniss has taught him it was no harm to travel on Sunday.—p. 21.

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The Catholic Layman.

DUBLIN, OCTOBER 15, 1857.

We find we have not yet done with the subject of La Salette. The *Rambler* for the present month, in an article "On Belief in Reputed Miracles," perseveres in its scepticism. The (so-called) Bishop of Birmingham, on the other hand, defends his "pious belief" in a series of letters to the *Tablet* newspaper; and the incredulous world looks on and laughs at what is, no doubt, "a very pretty quarrel" as it stands; while Cardinal Wiseman and the *Dublin Review* maintain a discreet silence, waiting, doubtless, with their usual prudence, till it is seen which way the wind of Roman Catholic belief really blows in England.

We must try to give our readers some notion of the arguments which are expected by the *Tablet* to pass current in reply to the *Edinburgh Review*, and of the "particularly modest" style in which it seeks to correct the *Rambler* for what he deems its cowardly surrender of the pass of La Salette in its September number.

After accusing the *Rambler* of "pertness and vulgarity," "presumption," "dogmatism," "impudent libels," and what not, the *Tablet*, to show how free it is from any such vulgarity or presumption, proceeds thus:—

"We only ask our readers to decide for themselves whether the statements of the *Rambler* are not suggestive of a man who has taken a limited view of society through the keyhole of his study, or to use a yet homelier illustration, who has lived in a bottle and never seen further than the cork. Why should the *Rambler* say that Protestants look upon the Catholics of England as either knaves or fools? We can only discover one reason, and that is, that the *Rambler* judges of other men's sentiments by his own, and his own tendency to think that those who differ with himself are knaves or fools has been proved by our extracts from his own writings in the early part of the article we are now writing.

"But as pride goes before a fall, and the proverb tells us that the proudest dogs will eat the dirtiest puddings, so, in this very instance, we think it is too plain that the article in the *Rambler* is a humiliating proof of the delusive influence of fear.

"We desire not to judge harshly. Let our readers turn to the *Rambler's* article and judge for themselves. We think they will come to the conclusion that the *Rambler* has been seized with panic at reading the article in the *Edinburgh Review*, and has run away with the notion that unless he makes great haste to disavow any positive belief, interest, or concern 'in the narrative,' Protestants will class him, with the rest of us, poor English Catholics,

a. We have in type some observations on this article, but have been obliged to postpone them till our next for want of space.

'credulous simpletons or designing knaves,' who are 'not scrupulous as men of truth and honour,' and who, 'in plain English, are fools.'

"We think it great presumption of the *Rambler* to assert that his report of the feeling of 'Catholic circles in this country' is 'undeniable.' At any rate it is denied. But though the exhibition of such overweening self-reliance disposes us to be particularly modest, we can have no hesitation in giving the most flat and peremptory contradiction to his statement that the reported miracle of La Salette 'has not awakened any very general interest,' or that the 'great majority of Catholics' more generally still, have confessed that they could not arouse themselves to care very much about it either one way or the other." This seems just the case where strong language is not only permissible, but necessary; and the last assertion we declare unhesitatingly to be a most impudent libel.—*Tablet*, p. 601.

After this pretty sharp hitting at a brother Editor and brother Catholic, the *Tablet* need scarcely have told its readers what, probably, they were pretty well aware of before:—

"Certainly, we are no admirers of namby-pamby phrases, or of that crawling timidity which restrains a man from ever using a hard word or a stinging epithet, however ridiculous the argument or base the act which he is called upon to judge. Satire and invective are both good and lawful weapons. Let the first be biting and the second strong."

The *Tablet*, with all its satire on the *Rambler's* pusillanimity and invective against its motives, nevertheless leaves the real question of the truth or falsehood of the apparition without throwing any light on it whatsoever, referring merely to the "letter of the illustrious Bishop of Birmingham, with its solid refutation of the case set up against the miracle," and another "able" letter from "a priest of the diocese of Birmingham," in which it says the *Rambler's* article "received a just, though merciful, castigation."

Our readers, if so disposed, may refer to these documents in the *Tablet* of 12th September last. The priest's letter will be found to resolve itself into the point which is, doubtless, indisputable in matter of fact—that the Bishop of Grenoble has judicially, according to the powers given him by the canon law, decided this question; and that the Holy See, not having reversed the decision, *cadit questio: res finita est*:—

"Can the *Rambler* writer not be aware that the La Salette Apparition has been pronounced by the court, which is empowered by the Canon law to give its decision, to be a true Apparition of the Blessed Virgin, and that such is, therefore, the positive canonical judgment of the Church, valid in canon law, until the higher court has reversed the judgment."

Our priest, however, is here going rather too fast; for it does so happen that the canon law (however anxious the Roman Catholic priesthood, no doubt, are to introduce it into this country) is not yet the law of England; nay, we collect from the following passage from the sentence itself, given us in the same page of the priest's own letter, that it is not binding even in France beyond the limits of the diocese of the Bishop who pronounced it:—

"The 5th article of the Bishop of Grenoble's sentence runs thus:—'We expressly forbid the faithful and the priests of our diocese ever to express themselves publicly, by word of mouth or in writing, against that which we this day proclaim to be fact, and which, from this time forth, exacts the respect of all.'

The "priest of Birmingham," however, no doubt, confirms this decision by a still more potent argument, but one which, in our humble judgment, verges so close upon the profane, that we shall not venture to paraphrase it, or even comment on it. We give it to our readers for what it is worth, in the writer's own words:—

"If the particular apparition of La Salette is allowed by a Catholic writer to be a fraud, no ordinary consequence follows. It is not merely that an impostor or impostress of some kind has contrived to personate the Blessed Virgin, a thing by itself sufficiently horrible; but he or she has put into circulation a false communication of a nature most fully to compromise the character, not merely of the Blessed Virgin herself, but also that of her Divine Son. Jesus Christ is represented in the supposed communication to be about to punish certain sins on the part of His people, and the Blessed Virgin is alleged to be staying His uplifted arm. Now, this must either come from Jesus

Christ Himself, through the Blessed Virgin, and so be true; or it must be such an awfully blasphemous and fraudulent dealing with the holy names of Jesus Christ and the Blessed Virgin, on the part of an impostor, that history knows of no parallel to it. The point, then, to be remarked, as regards the Catholic writer's difficulty, is, how he is to account for the prolonged, tacit connivance of both Jesus Christ and the Blessed Virgin themselves in the uninterrupted assumption and forgery of their respective names by the impostor, and this for the entire space of eleven years? To the *Edinburgh Reviewer* there may, for what we know, be no difficulty at all in this, because to him Jesus Christ and the Blessed Virgin may be nothing more than empty names (!); but for the Catholic writer, who must daily address his prayers to them, as having and exercising all power on earth, how is he to account for their tacit concurrence, during eleven years, in the circulation of a fraud so injurious to their honour? Has humanity, then, on earth so completely got the upper hand of the Hierarchy of Heaven, that an eleven years' counterfeit of the two holiest names of that Hierarchy that are venerated on earth not only can escape detection before the canonical judgment of the Church, but may also enjoy the tacit concurrence of the very Almighty King and His Queen Mother themselves; this concurrence even evincing itself in the permission of well-attested miracles worked in connection with the fraud?"

We dare not comment on such an argument. It, no doubt, pleases the inscrutable counsels of the Most High at times to delay His judgments against the most fearful crimes for a protracted period, much longer than eleven years; but to impute such delay to a tacit connivance of Heaven in the guilt involves an amount of blasphemy so sublime that we shudder and grow pale at it, and must leave such arguments to those who can be convinced by them, without an attempt at a reply.

This "able" writer, we think, however, goes far to show of how little value before the tribunal of common sense this adjudication of the Bishop of Grenoble really is; for he informs us of the foundation of it:—

"His decision was founded on the double ground, 1st, that there is no other possible way of explaining the evidence; and 2nd, that subsequent events admit of no other possible explanation except that of the Blessed Virgin herself having really appeared, and having really spoken to the children. 'Poor, crazy, weak, pious fool of a bishop, and vile, avaricious, deceitful Popish priests, at your dirty medieval work again, bolstering up frauds in the midst of the liberality of the nineteenth century, thereupon remarks the Goliath of the North' (meaning thereby, we suppose, the *Edinburgh Review*).

We cannot refrain, before we proceed to Dr. Ullathorne's defence, from giving our readers the summing up of the Birmingham priest's "merciful castigation" of the pusillanimous *Rambler*. It is intended, no doubt, as biting sarcasm; but we apprehend the *Rambler* will say as Sir W. Draper did to Junius—"You bite against a file; cease viper!" It is, at least, very amusing and worthy of the subject in hand:—

"With such a case, then, as this at issue, it is natural that all eyes should be turned to the first Catholic champion that steps forward to meet and confront the Goliath, who upbraids the Church with conscious fraud for the vilest of purposes. Great, of course, is the sensation on his appearance. The warrior is light of step, of a fair countenance; he is understood to disdain heavy armour, and is believed able to cast his smooth, polished stone with unerring precision. Ah! Goliath, tremble: you are now certainly done for. See, he comes against you—

"Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem."

The rival champions draw near. Oh! terrible moment; the fight is at hand. But, O ye patriarchs! O spirits of Sampson and Gideon! What do we see and hear? The Israelite champion, hat in hand, in a superior manner approaches his antagonist, and, after a handsome salute, begins to address him.—Mr. Goliath, as to this La Salette business, to tell you the truth, I am rather inclined, between you and I, to your way of thinking. 'The story has not taken root generally in the minds of influential Catholics'—the great majority have either expressed their positive disbelief, or a disposition to suspend their judgment.' 'An immense number of "pilgrims," no doubt, have visited the mountain, and the water has been carried far and wide through Christendom; but, then, what does that signify to gentlemen like you and myself? Of such persons as you and I—people, that is, of discernment, who have travelled to the spot itself, 'the great majority have only been very partially satisfied.' Depend upon it, the conclusion to come to is, that the affair is a 'grand mistake—half roush, half honest.' Come, then, Mr. Goliath, like a good fellow, which I am sure you are in the main, re-